

## Babysitting by PlusSizeReader

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**Summary:**

Alexei x Plus size!reader

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Summary: Hopper leaves Alexei in the care of his deputy.

## Babysitting

The knock on your door was too familiar, and too forceful for you not to recognize it. Knowing who was at the door wasn't the question though, you needed to know what in the hell Jim Hopper was doing at your door first thing in the morning.

"You do know that I'm off today right?" you asked, opening the door expecting the chief of police. Instead you came face to face with a much smaller man who you didn't recognize.

After a brief moment of thinking maybe you'd lost your mind, you found Hopper, standing to the side of the man, holding his hands behind his back.

"Who's this?" you wondered, moving to the side so the two men could get through, because it was clear in Jim's eyes that he wasn't just paying you a visit.

Again, no answer. You turned around to see the curly haired man in your arm chair, while Hopper was lighting a cigarette.

"His name's Smirnoff" he introduced, plopping down on your couch with so much force that you were almost sure he'd popped a spring.

That earned a laugh from you. What kind of name was that? And more importantly, what is he doing on your loveseat?

"That's great Chief, what's he doing here?" you wondered, removing his dusty boots from your coffee table before taking a seat beside him.

Hopper was technically your boss but you'd been his deputy for longer than either of you could remember so there wasn't much professional respect between you.

"He's a Russian scientist, I have to take Joyce Byers to go get Murray Bauman so he can translate, and I need somewhere safe to leave him until I get back" he informed, boggling your mind.

First of all, that was a lot to process at once. Secondly, that didn't tell

you why he was sitting on your couch. There had to be somebody else in Hawkins that could watch his little Russian.

That being said though, you also understood why he brought the man to you.

You were the one person that Hopper trusted above most others and he knew you'd do your best to keep this little man a secret.

"Fine, I'll keep your Russian" You sighed, turning toward the man on the chair now. He was already smiling up at you when you made eye contact, and despite yourself, you smiled back.

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With Hopper out of the way, you started trying to get to know the scrawny Russian on your chair.

There was something sweet about him, and even with the language barrier, before long you two were hitting it off. As it would turn out, his real name was Alexei, which he was able to communicate to you after a few hours of calling him Smirnoff.

You had learned a few things about him in the time that you two spent together. He was a huge fan of cherry slurpees, which he made sure you knew. He enjoyed loony tunes and reruns of Happy Days whenever they came on.

All in all he was a cool guy but you still weren't understanding something.

Hopper made it seem like Alexei was some kind of dangerous criminal and while he may have been very intelligent, he wasn't a monster.

You had only just met the guy and you could still tell that he was no more than a sweetheart that had gotten mixed up with the wrong people at the wrong time.

It wasn't fair to him to assume that just because he was working for the bad guys, he was a bad guy as well. Alexei seemed harmless, and honestly...he was.

You were learning that more and more with every passing second.

Your thoughts were interrupted by him laughing, once again, as the coyote fell from the cliff, missing roadrunner by a foot. He found cataclysm so entertaining...something he likely had in common with Hopper.

“Kaboom” he mimicked, making the noise back to the television screen which earned a laugh from you. It was rare that you felt that way but there was something so innocent about Alexei that made you feel different than you had in a long time.

He was different than most of the guys in this town. He was sweeter, and nicer to be around than anyone else you’d ever known, and it was affecting you.

“Do they not have cartoons like this in Russia?” you wondered, crossing your legs under yourself on the couch as you waited for his response. Communicating wasn’t easy with such an intense language barrier. Luckily, through a complicated combination of charades and sounding out every letter like you were learning it for the first time, you got your point across.

Alexei, in turn, used the same system to let you know that they didn’t, and if they did, he’d never had the privilege of watching them.

For some reason, that made you sad, though you were enjoying his company too much to let him know that. The idea of the life that this man had been forced to live, under the thumb of much eviler men, made you upset.

You wanted to protect him and show him all the fun that the world had to offer him, and after a few minutes of thinking, you knew just what to do.

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There wasn’t anything super exciting about Hawkins, you knew that but for a man like Alexei, anything was going to be more of an adventure than what he was used to.

Luckily, there were a few things in Hawkins that you could only see

there, and one of those things, was the video store. It was a dusty sort of place, occupied mostly by bored kids and impatient moms, but you loved it.

You had been going there since you were a child, and based on how Alexei had reacted to the few cartoons on the tv screen, he was going to love it too.

You entered the building with no hesitation, expecting Alexei to follow you, which he did after you prompted him to do so. Technically, you were just supposed to sit around and wait for Hopper to come back but while they were gone, the least you could do was show him a good time.

What Hopper didn't know wouldn't kill him.

"It's okay Lex, pick anything you want" you suggested, leading the skittish man down one of the closer isles so he could get a better look at all the options. They had everything from fantasy to horror and you were kind of interested to see what he would choose.

There was no real good way to know and honestly, you couldn't wait.

There was still so much you didn't know about Alexei and maybe this experience would help open your eyes to what kind of man he was.

Pretty quickly, his eyes fell on a classic. Willy Wonka and the chocolate factory, a film that you hadn't seen in years. It was an excellent film, but something you didn't really think about.

That being said though, it was a fantastic film to open his eyes to american pop culture. It was quite the trip.

"That's a really good one" you clapped, proud of him for making such a good choice. You looked around for more time, but Alexei's attention remained on the box in your hands. He was intrigued by what was shown on the cover, and needed to know what it was about.

So, needless to say, you left with a single copy of Willy Wonka in hand and nothing more.

Now, Hopper did eventually come back, with Joyce and Bowman in tow.

However, he didn't return to a sight that he was expecting. Instead of you, sitting across from the Russian as he'd left you, he two of you were now wrapped around one another on the couch, the movies end credits playing on a loop in the background.

You would have a hell of a lot of explaining to do when you woke up, that was for sure.